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JACKIE WELTMAN, ANDREA NATALIE, LENORE CHINN AND MORE

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dear Femme Jock

by Amy Cheney

THE POST-BUTCH/FEMME IDENTITY CRISIS

"I'm equally happy in softball sliding pants or a tight black dress— what am I?"

DEAR FEMME JOCK,

I've got a really bad problem these days. Everyone keeps asking me if I'm butch or femme! I have serious issues with being one or the other. Why can't I embrace aspects of both of them? Or neither? I'm so confused.

To top if all off, my mother doesn't want me to ever ever ever identify as "butch". She thinks that butchness is the ultimate negative stereotype for a modern lesbian.

Yet all the women I know who say they are "femme" complain about the lack of butches in San Francisco. And then I get attracted to both butch and femme women. What what am I? Why aren't more lesbians into androgyny? Am I the only confused one?

If I am butch, must I always open car doors? May I never wear make-up? Must I learn how to change spark plugs? Must I know how to set up a tent?

Already people think I'm butch because I am a jock, but I like to wear dresses also. My friends have decided that this is a form of "cross-dressing" for me. I'm equally happy in softball sliding pants or tight black dresses. What am I? Who am I?

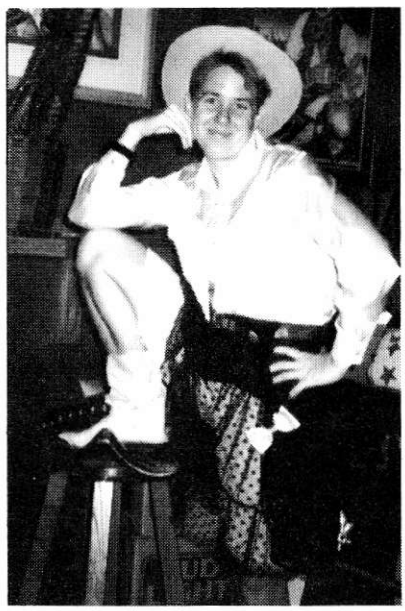
— Lesbian in Search of a Post-Butch/Femme Identity

DEAR L IN SEARCH OF A PBFI,

A serious series of questions that make me laugh. Darling. Everyone goes through this. No, you are not alone. This is a normal developmental stage of being a lesbian. You feel awkward. You look for a cure. A way out of the inevitable. The pimple has emerged, so to speak. Your voice is changing. Yes, even the way you view the world. The confusing thing about this developmental stage is that it doesn't happen at a certain age. It just happens. And honey, it's happening to you. Now. Of course you have "issues" with one or the other. If you didn't have "issues" you might wonder if you were a lesbian. The question, as you probably do know somewhere in your lesbian body, is which issues do you have?

What kind of make-up would you like to wear? Personally, FJ loves it when butches open car doors for her, change her spark plugs, and pitch tents; make-up is not out of the question. A little eyeliner or whatever else suits her butchly face works fine. And, my dear, there are many femmes that enjoy nothing more that getting under their car and squirming around. Darling, continue on.

"Top it off" with your mother by letting her know that in Femme Jock's opinion the modern butch lesbian, whether she is a spark plug changer or a hairstylist, is one of the more glamorous creatures on the planet. Yes, FJ's harsher nature is emerging, as she is irritated by mothers and others who continue in this automatic lesbophobic autocratic attitude.



The Femme Jock ABCs

A is for aerobics, B is for Butches, C is for Country Western Dancing, D is for...

O.K. So I went to aerobics. Of course I am attracted to the skin tight fashion attire, hair do-wa-dads, bright colors, endless opportunities for accessories and strip tease possibilities as the workout progresses.

Several things happened when I went to aerobics. First, whatever that muscle is that you use when you are laughing got a terrific workout, along with my PC muscle. I was laughing hysterically at the fembot instructor with her high-tied pony tail and bizarre instructions and didn't want to pee all over my tight fitting shiny emerald green body suit. Second, when I wasn't laughing I was crying - this stuff is a killer. I could barely life my thigh a-one and a-two, not to mention a-three and a-

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four and a-more.

Third, and of course most importantly - where were all the butches? There WAS one gorgeous gal with her gray sweatpants resting on her hips and her bandana tied around her head, but I've seen her jogging around Stow Lake and when I've moseyed on into the "Y" on occasion. I'd much rather be jogging and moseying than suffering in aerobics. And let's face it - aerobics is for femmes.

So. I've accepted that my athletic workout consists of - yes - country-western dancing. And let me tell you about the advantages. First, you can wear a skirt. Skirts, lacy bras, lacey undergarments that are conveniently displayed when you are twirled, cowgal boots - goodbye to those clunky hightops and squash-them jog bras. You can even be cool and wear black. (This, to me, is a disadvantage, I do love those bright colors those girlie-girls wear in aerobics, although a friend cautioned me the other day that she saw a bumper sticker that said, "Friends don't let friends wear neon." But again! I digress.)

Secondly, there are many many butches. They are slinking around the sidelines, being shy in the corners and striking on the dance floor. Not only that, they take your hand and lead you around. You get to mingle sweat and sometimes get close enough to breathe in their lovely ears.

Oh, yes, so "D". D is for - you guessed it gals - dating. And when can you combine your exercise of choice with a date? Unless we begin to classify dating in and of itself as an aerobic activity, one of the answers to this question is when your exercise of choice is country-western dancing. But back to dating...

She left a vegan-no white sugar or honey-chocholate-raspberry truffle on my doorstep wrapped in pink paper with a shiny card just like I like. I wondered if this meant she was monogamous and capable of emotional depth and expression. Sure I care about what color your handkerchief is and what side it's on, but now there are so many other things to consider.

The trick is how to find out if she's momogamous and capable of - or at least willing to - express her feelings and be with yours without suggesting marriage or creating a traumatic experience on the third date. A truffle code might take care of this awkwardness.

The other code that simply has to develop is code for the percentages that Joann Loulan brought to us courtesy of some butch she met in a bar. Are you 100% (like to do it 100% of the time?) or are you 90, 80, 70, 60, 50%? Conversely, are you 0% (never want to do it to your lover, but get it done to you?) or do you like it done to you 90% of the time and like to do it 10% of the time? In which case you'd be a 10%. Or are you a 20, 30, 40, 50%?

Knowing these things from the beginning would certainly make life that much easier...then again, it'd certainly slow down the old heart rate and take the aerobics out of dating. After all (I keep forgetting) it isn't about the race to the finish line, but about toning your muscles and changing your outfits as you go along.

Darlings! Keep me entertained. Make me laugh, make me scream. Shower my mailbox and doorstep with your letters, truffles and unique flower arrangements. Tell me how you wear your lingerie so it shows. Ask me some questions so I feel important. Yes, write to me, your DEAR FEMME JOCK.

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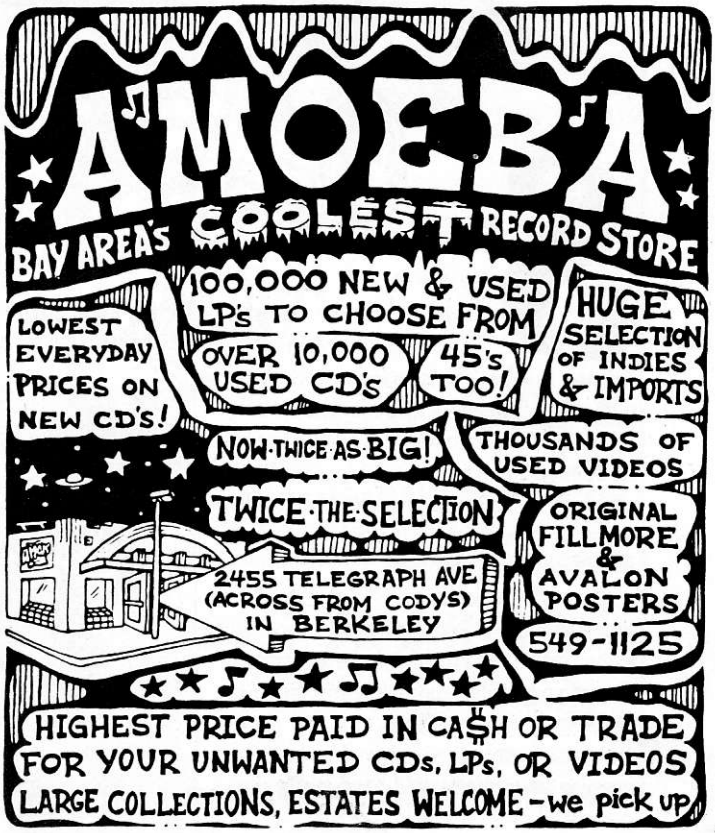
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getting it in the boobs

an alaskan feminist hockey player reveals bonking secrets

by Ann Milton

Photos by Nancy Crozer

Well, I didn't bonk very many girls — only when I ran into them. I could have elbowed them . . .

Shirley Eicholz plays ice hockey the same way she talks. All out. Non-stop. Intense. A defensive player for the University of Alaska's women's ice hockey team, she's an energetic woman with a quick smile and an opinion about almost anything. She likes to talk. Every topic gets an enthusiastic paragraph or two, twenty arm gestures, and at least two shifts of her feet.

She calls herself a non-violent feminist. Before we met, I'd only been to one hockey game (men's) and it didn't leave an impression as a particularly non-violent or feminist activity. Shirley invited me to a UAA game and consented to shed light on the burning question that tortures would-be women hockey players all over the world.

Ann Milton: Shirley, can women play hockey and still be non-violent feminists?

Shirley Eicholz: Sure, I am. At least until I get pissed off ... until somebody hits me across the leg on purpose. Then I get mad.

AM: Do you hit back?

SE: No, but I'll do nasty little things like accidentally trip them, and get three penalties in a row. *(She flashes an enigmatic grin at me, and I can't tell how serious she is.)* Most of the time you don't have time to get violent because you're just really happy and excited. You're playing and you're watching yourself progress and get really good. You're learning finesse and then you don't need to be violent.

AM: Why do you enjoy playing it?

SE: It's Alaska. It's ice. Because I grew up playing it. I stay in shape playing hockey.

AM: How long have you been playing?

SE: Since I was about nine. I played out behind an elementary school with the boys.

AM: How do your girlfriends feel about you playing such a rough sport?

SE: They like it because it's fast. It's exciting.

AM: Do you have any hockey she-roes?

SE: Some women from Canada. The Canadians are much better than the Americans because it's their national sport. They have a place in Canada where you can go and there are players anywhere from four to 86 years old. There really was an 86 year old woman playing.

AM: Have you ever encountered any prejudice in hockey because of your sexual preference?

SE: Yes! We went to a tournament in British Columbia, and when they were assigning rooms to be in, there were two of us who were, *you know*. They were picking rooms and they wouldn't even look at us. Luckily there were two women who played rugby, and these two women were kind of wild, and we asked them, "Do you two need anybody to room with?" I knew this one girl — she used to go down to The Village all the time. She said, "We don't care if you room with us." Then we told the people who were giving out rooms, we were going to room with those guys. They were really relieved.

AM: Do you think there's a stereotype that

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women who play hockey are dykes?

SE: No, god, half of them here are mothers and are pregnant. They got husbands and all kinds of stuff.

AM: Do women play this sport for fun?

SE: Of course. (*She pauses and thinks for a moment*).The ones that are beginners, and the older ones that are more mature, do. The younger ones, like some of the women on this orange team on the ice now, they don't. When we went to the Arctic Winter Games, the women there were very competitive. They had a very winning attitude. You know my attitude is, who cares? A year, a week, two weeks later, everybody forgets what color of medal you got. I just wanted to go to meet all the Canadian people and stuff.

AM: Do you think women play out their emotions on the ice?

SE: Yes. Watch the people on the ice now. There's a couple of them out there that I don't like to play against. They're really physical. They're really hot-headed people. Like I don't try to turn around and really check somebody, but there's a lot of the younger ones that really will.

AM: Do you think that's because they can't do it in polite society?

SE: I think a lot of them have, um, like deep-seated anger. They really have bad tempers. It just comes out on the ice when they get mad. They turn around and hit you with their stick and stuff.

AM: Do you think that happens more in hockey than in any other sport?

SE: Probably, 'cause, yeah, you're doing a lot of contact out there.

AM: I've only seen one other hockey game, and that was men's, and there was a lot more smashing each other against the wall. I haven't see any of that here today.

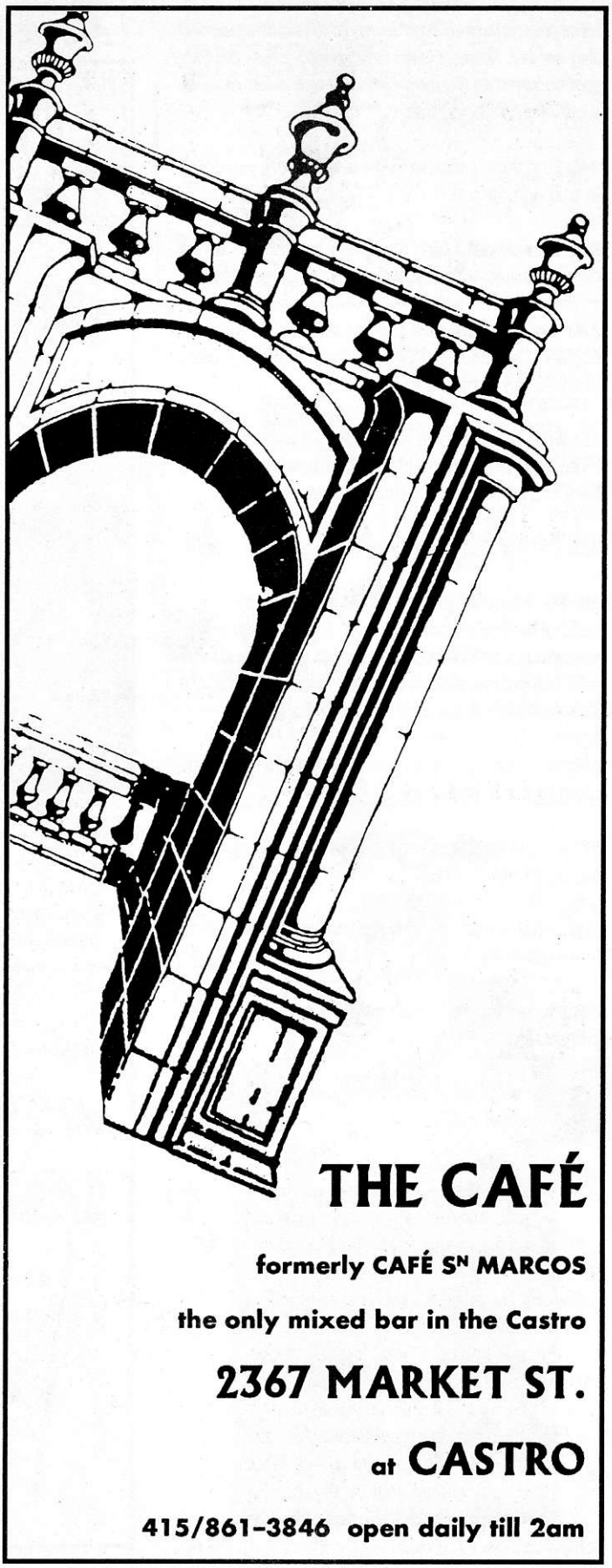
SE: Uh huh. That's checking. They don't allow that here because the women here in Anchorage don't want to check. Most of them can't play really well and they'll get hurt.

AM: Is there difference between men's and women's hockey?

SE: Men are faster and more powerful. That's it. But women can be just as good as men—it's finesse. It's how you can handle the stick and get down the ice, like going around all those people with the puck. If you can do that, who cares how fast you go. You can keep it away from them.

I had to wait to continue my conversation with Shirley, while her team played a girls 16-and-under team. The

TURN PAGE ➤



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teens play on various boys' teams in the city leagues, and they are hot. Shirley's team won, one to zero—the only goal occurred in the third period. It was a fast moving, adrenalin producing game.

AM: First thing I want to know is what were you doing in that penalty box.

SE: The ref said I high sticked. I hit that girl in the head with my stick. I don't remember doing that.

AM: Are you sure you can be a feminist and play hockey? The game looked very rough to me. It looked like you were really getting into it.

SE: Well, I didn't bonk very many girls — only when I ran into them. I could have elbowed them and knocked some of those little squirts down.

AM: But you don't believe in hurting people, right?

SE: No. You can go around them and get the puck without having to bonk into them if you're quick with your stick, you know. Really, when you have all this stuff on, you're well-protected. The only thing you have to worry about is getting it in the boobs.

AM: What advice would you give to someone interested in playing hockey?

SE: Just get some gear and get out there. If you never try, you'll never do it.

AM: What would you want the readers of GirlJock to know about you?

SE: Where to send the mail to. And send autographed pictures.

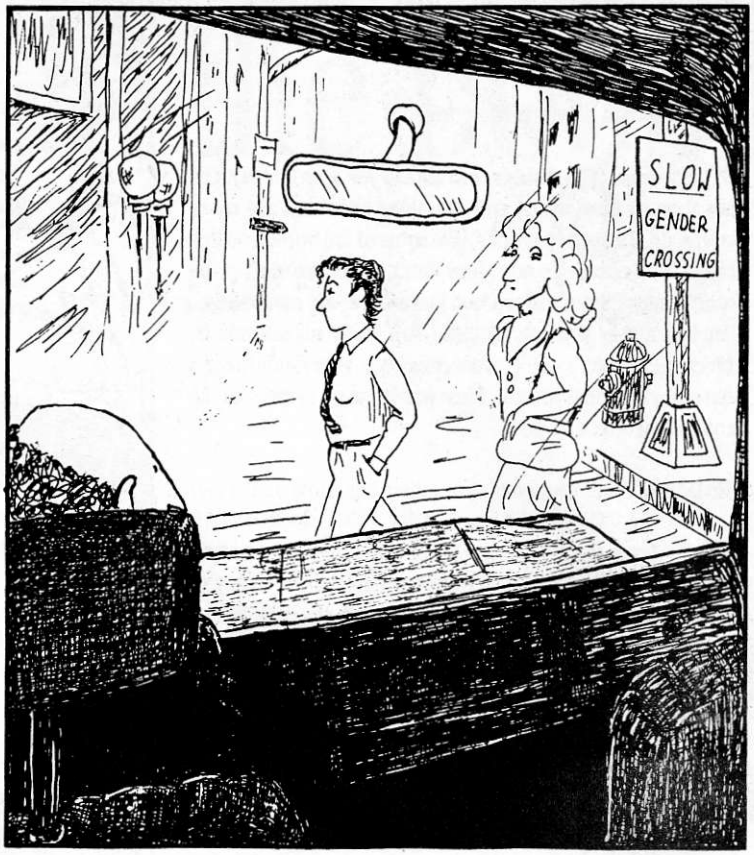
AM: You want me to put in your address in case you get a lot of fan mail?

SE: Sure.

Shirley Eichholz, P.O. Box 141822, Anchorage, AK 99514

STONEWALL RIOTS

BY ANDREA NATALIE



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Muse I

My muse went out for coffee
and never came back.
It's been days.
That bitch. Do you suppose
she's seeing someone else
behind my back?

I know there is enough
of her to go around
but there is so little of me. I feel
ragged and rejected. I wish
she'd come back home.

Muse II

She's coming at you,
bending at the waist.
She gives you
two fingers,
two fingers,
two fingers in the palm.
Two fingers slide down the side
of your face, graze
your ribs, inside of your thigh.
Give me four! Give me
your whole hand!

You are waiting
for her. She is coming at you,
smiling, lovely on purpose.
Her hair is glowing, she looks
very modern. You are all
dressed up for her and
she gives you two fingers,
two fingers,
two fingers in the palm.
Only - two -
fingers - that trace the round
of your cheek and jaw,
briefly
rub your shoulder. Ach!
Give me four! Give me your
whole hand!

Muse III

My muse is a strumpet, a harlot, a whore,
a metaphysical callgirl of sorts.
She grips two fingers around me -
jerks me off.

Don't get me wrong, I'm not her victor. Not
the sunblazing roman butch,
glorious in my jockeys.

She has control issues.
She says:
I don't need YOU.

I can put you together

new

out of nothing.

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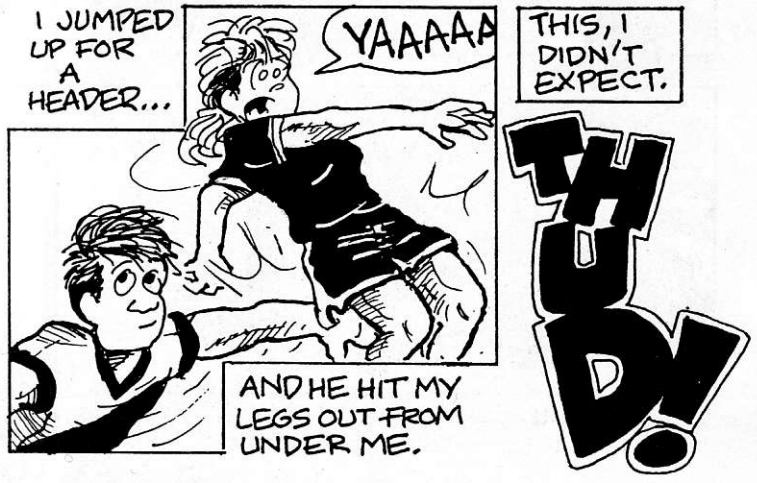
TALES OF GIRLJOCK #1

THE GRUDGE MATCH

AS TOLD TO Kathy BY LIZ MULLEN © 1992

SO NATURALLY I WAS DESTINED TO PLAY AGAINST BILL TUFF. HE WAS CLEARLY ONE OF THOSE TYPES WHO'D NEVER MADE THE TEAM IN COLLEGE AND REALLY RESENTED IT.
I LOOK GOOD ....
HIS TEAM WAS THE 'LIZARDS.' MINE WAS 'KICK AND HOPE' 'CAUSE WE'D JUST KICK THE BALL AND HOPE IT WOULD GO SOMEWHERE...



I LANDED ON MY TAILBONE. BILL WAS YELLOW-CARDED.
NOT COOL!
SNAP
I FUMED ON THE SIDELINES FOR A WHILE BEFORE DECIDING I WOULD JUST OUTPLAY HIM FOR THE REST OF THE GAME.
UM... YOU OK?
FINE.
THEN I WENT BACK ON THE FIELD AND TOTALLY LOST IT.
KILL!
I CHASED HIM DOWN...
AND TRIPPED HIM.
SPLAT!
IT WAS A MUDDY FIELD.
THAT DOES IT!!
YOU BITCH!!
AH HAHAHA HAHAHAH AHAWHA
HIS OWN TEAM
UH-OH.
HOLEEE!....
BITCH!!!
THWEE!
WHOA! BILL!!
CUT IT OUT, BOTH OF YOU!!!
GAK!
THE REF RED-CARDED HIM AND KICKED US BOTH OUT OF THE GAME. WHAT AN EXCITING DAY.
NEXT SEASON HE SLIDE-TACKLED ANOTHER WOMAN AND TOOK HER AND HIMSELF OUT OF THE LEAGUE.
PRETTY TUFF.
WANTED
BILL TUFF
END

WE DARE YOU. SEND YOUR OUTRAGEOUS [BUT **TRUE**] GIRLJOCK TALES TO US FOR THE CHANCE TO HAVE IT APPEAR IN LIVING COMIK B&W. INCLUDE YOUR PHONE NUMBER. SEE WHAT HAPPENS.

GIRL sloth

by Laura Miller

A Girl Sloth is guided by a simple mandate that can be expressed in two words: energy conservation.

"To be frank," I said idly to GirlJock's charming and talented editrix, Roxxie, at a Mission District lunch spot, "The concept of GirlJock does not lie close to my heart. If I were to publish a 'zine, it would be called "Girl Sloth."

"Really?" queried Roxxie, trying to appear casual, but with visions of copy blocks dancing before here eyes. "Perhaps you'd care to explain the mysteries of Girl Sloths to my legions of avid readers?"

Such requests are usually met with a scornful, indolent laugh, but never underestimate the persuasive powers of an insomniac who leaves clever messages on answering machines. I have committed myself.

We might first ask: What is a Girl Sloth? Leaving aside the question of nature vs. nurture, a Girl Sloth is guided by a simple mandate that can be expressed in two words: energy conservation. Let's face it, we are on the verge of destroying ourselves and our planet with our insatiable energy consumption — Girl Sloths are on the cutting edge of reform. To pursue a truly slothful way of life ("deep sloth" as we call it) one must adhere to the following principles:

1. Leave your apartment as seldom as possible, which means you should

2. Work part time, if at all, which means you can

3. Spend very little money, all of which demands that you

4. Maintain fetchingness.

Ignorance leads many in mainstream culture to stereotype Girl Sloths as lazy. Nothing could be further from the truth. Girl Sloths eschew physical activity in favor of intellectual exertion. Slothfulness, above all, requires planning and organization. A Girl Sloth, for example, carefully studies television schedules so she can program her VCR to record movies from broadcast in order to avoid unnecessary and exhausting trips to video rental shops (see principle 1).

Principle 4 requires some elaboration. "So, Girl Sloth is lying in bed eating potato chips and oogling female athletes on TV, right," suggested Roxxie.

"She is not," I replied testily. "Girl Sloths find spectator sports draining. And Girl Sloths do not eat potato chips. They must keep their figures, a significant part of maintaining fetchingness, which is the fourth principle."

"Oh, okay...Why?"

"Because being fetching is one of the best ways to get somebody else to perform unpleasant tasks for you without charging you a lot of money. It gets you rides so that you don't have to own a car or take taxis. People will install your stereo and give you copies of their software. Girl Sloths have even been known to exercise regularly on the understanding that this saves money in the long run."

"Whatever you say, but I think Girl Sloth should be really horny and have a power strip with six different kinds of vibrators plugged into it, so she doesn't have to get up to change the plugs."

"Girl Sloth could get into that. But they should be vibrators that ex-girlfriends left at her house."

Girl Sloths must come to accept that educating the public is one of their few responsiblities. In a dominant culture that values the industrious above all, the slothful are often rendered invisible. The truth about sloth's lives and the reality of sloth voices has been silenced. Even our symbols have been devalued. Think about it: in all the public zoos in this country — zoos that exhibit exotic and shy animals like the koala or the kiwi and even endangered creatures like the Tasmanian Devil or the California condor — have you ever seens a sloth — two or three-toed? How can we claim to have truly representative zoos when such major influences on sloth culture are systematically excluded?

Some sloths have resorted to organizing to combat their marginalization, leading to the formation of Sloth Nation — patterened after such grassroots groups as Lion Nation (see GirlJock #5). This group foundered, however, when the membership realized that they have serious issues around the concept of "actions." Rather than accomodating activityist straight culture by adopting its own excessively fatiguing methodology, sloths have decided to return to what we do best: getting other people to do our work for us.

How can you help? We're so glad you asked. If you frequent conferences and panels, then by all means raise your hand during the question and answer session and earnestly inquire: "But how does all this affect the issues of women of sloth?" Do, however, refrain from tartly noting that you "see very few sloth faces on the panel today," as this may brand you as hopelessly ignorant of the very people you wish to defend (see principle 1). □

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ALEX ALEXANDER

INTERVIEW BY ROXXIE

PHOTOS BY PHYLLIS CHRISTOPHER*

"The biggest part of a bodybuilder's workout is in the kitchen—where you exercise the motivation to stick to your diet," explains bodybuilder Alex Alexander. "Working out is easy. You don't have to spend a million hours at the gym. The goal of a bodybuilder is not just more muscle, but less fat."

"Bodybuilder's diets are the hardest part. It's hard to be strict with yourself," she confides. "Thirty percent of bodybuilding for me is workout, and 30% is attitude/motivation. The other 40% is diet."

Alex is a bodybuilding success. She's also a devoted soccer goalie and volleyball player. She bodybuilds in the mornings, or on the evenings that she's not occupied blocking goal shots or spiking volleyballs. She loves team sports (soccer is her favorite), but bodybuilding forces her to be introspective and to feel good about herself. "It comes from within," she says. "You have to see what you can do to make yourself shine.

cont'd page 16

***UNLESS OTHERWISE INDICATED**

ALEX ALEXANDER CONT'D

No one else can do it for you,and it helps my self esteem."

When training for competition, she'll lose up to ten pounds to thin out the outer layer of body fat that obscures women's muscles. Usually she plans four to six months to prepare for a show because "three months is really pushing it. With dieting, easier is better."

And just how does she lose the weight? "Not everybody's routine works for everybody else," she warns. While she's training she eats six little meals a day. Big meals are slow to digest, and draw alot of blood into the digestive tract—away from the brain and other important body parts. "You know that lightheaded feeling you get after a big meal? That sleepy feeling? That's from big meals," she explains.

She drinks a half gallon of water every day. "Alahambra water is O.K. but I prefer Evian—and it's important to drink all the water before 7:00 in the evening, so you don't have to go to the bathroom too late."

Here is Alex's special training diet:

7 AM, Alex's first meal of the day: Oatmeal, two pieces of unbuttered toast (occasionally she'll eat no-fat no-calorie jam), and juice. Her favorite juices are orange juice, grapefruit juice, or "the Ocean Spray combination juices."

9 AM, Meal #2: A protein shake and a banana, or, a muffin.

NOON: Lunchtime features baked chicken with no skin, brown or white rice "with nothing on it," more fruit, and lots of water.

3 PM: Time for another protein shake!

5 PM(ish): A PowerBar, and a big container of water. Then ... work-out time.

Around 7 PM, Dinner: Fish, chicken, or turkey, with rice and vegetables. Possibly some juice or a non-fat dessert. (Alex doesn't eat much red meat when training. She steams her vegetables—because she doesn't like them raw—and goes for those with high iron such as broccoli or spinach. She loves green beans, and often will enjoy a broccoli-carrot-rice mixture.

Late night snacks? Popcorn cakes, maybe a glass of juice.

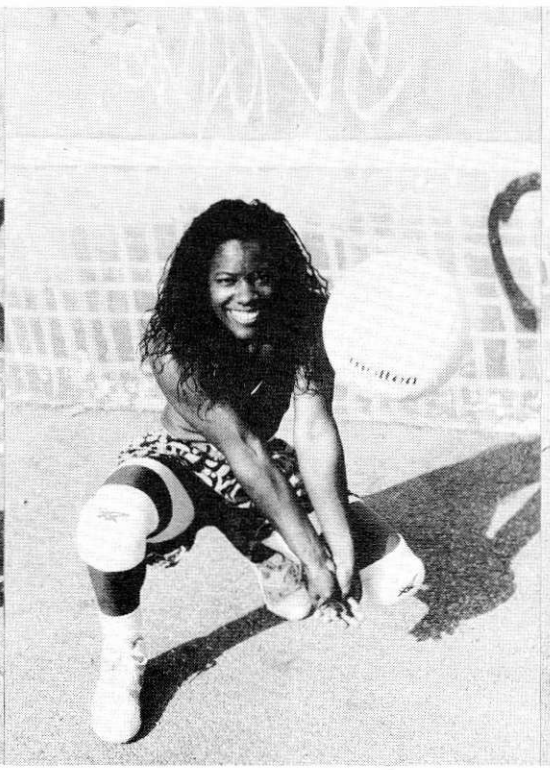
"Cutting out sweets is really hard," she admits. She substitutes fruit, unsweetened applesauce, or natural fruit-juice sweetened cookies for heavy doses of sugar. She drinks lots of diet coke.

And, the minute the competition she's been training for is over, she craves pizza! "A basic cheese slice," she explains. Her non-training diet allows her the pleasures of cheeseburgers and a switch from nonfat to 2%-lowfat milk.

Look for Alex at San Francisco's summer bodybuilding extravaganza called "Physique," an international lesbian and gay contest held right around Gay Pride Weekend.

o

P. 16,17 PHOTOS BY PHYLLIS CHRISTOPHER, P14 VOLLEYBALL ALEX PHOTO BY PHYLLIS, BODYBUILDING SHOTS BY GARY DYMALLY



PROTEIN SHAKE POWER

Alex loves protein shakes.
Here's her secret recipe.
Take a banana, or a bunch of strawberries
blend with
8 oz. of NONFAT milk (she uses 2% lowfat when she's not in training)
and
2 tablespoons of protein powder
("Most protein powders are basically the same," says Alex, "but I like Hot Stuff. It's got alot of vitamins and minerals in it. It helps muscle growth, and maintenance of muscle size.")

ADVICE FOR WOULD-BE BODYBUILDERS

"It helps to train with a friend."

"You can't really drink on a training diet (but then I don't really drink anyways)."

"It's good to talk with people who've got the kind of body you want to have ... see what they do, but not everybody's routine works for everybody."

"Steroids are a drug — DON'T DO IT. They accelerate muscle growth but there are a million negatives ... your liver, kidneys, spleen, heart get overloaded with toxins. Do it the natural way, it just takes more time and patience. Steroids are cheating, it's just to look good ... a short cut."

"It helps alot if your girlfriend goes on your diet with you."

"It helps alot if your girlfriend is into sports."

ALEX'S TEN FAVORITE SPORTS

1. SOCCER

"Soccer is my favorite. It is both a team and individual sport. As a goalie, I have to work with my team to make good defense, but when a shot's on goal, it's my responsibility to save it.

2. VOLLEYBALL

"The perfect team sport. even if you have a star player, they can't be everywhere. Even if I don't have a good game someone else does, and makes up for it.

3. BODYBUILDING

The ultimate individual sport ... you have to make yourself shine, no one can do it for you "

4. SOFTBALL

"Fun to play with people of different abilities. When I first moved to San Francisco I played softball, but the serious softball scene got really cliquish. It was alienating, so now I just play pick-up games for fun."

5. BADMINTON

"It requires more skill than strength or speed, and you get a good workout, too."

6. BOWLING

"I love getting a strike, and I like to go bowl with friends."

7. RACQUETBALL

"It is fast-paced, and requires coordination."

8. TENNIS

"My girlfriend Pat beats me a lot at tennis. I play to get better."

9. BASKETBALL

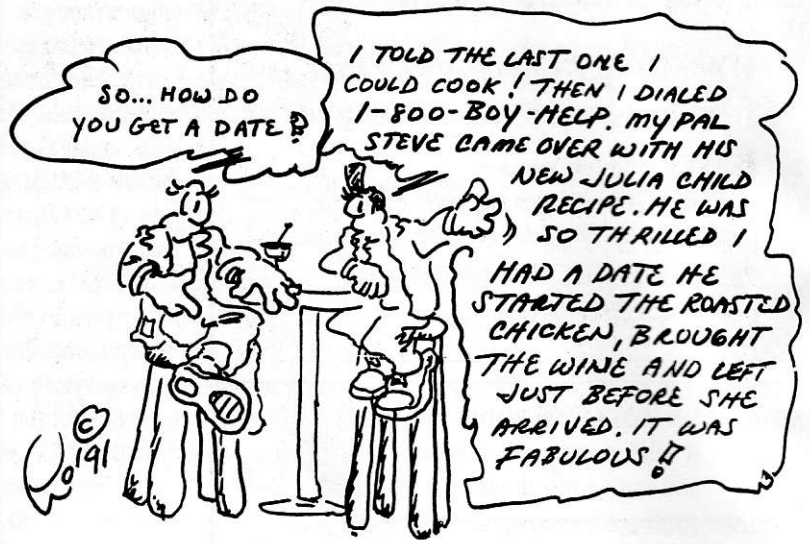
"I like to play one on one...."

10. ULTIMATE FRISBEE

"Because I don't run a lot in other sports, I like to feel my chest pound, and be out of breath."

HOW TO GET A DATE

BY LENORE CHINN


SO... HOW DO YOU GET A DATE?
I TOLD THE LAST ONE I COULD COOK! THEN I DIALED 1-800-BOY-HELP. MY PAL STEVE CAME OVER WITH HIS NEW JULIA CHILD RECIPE. HE WAS SO THRILLED I HAD A DATE HE STARTED THE ROASTED CHICKEN, BROUGHT THE WINE AND LEFT JUST BEFORE SHE ARRIVED. IT WAS FABULOUS!
©191

GAME TIME

©1991 BY ROBERT KIRBY

MY FRIEND MARY HAD THIS LOVER NAMED ANNIE WHO WAS REALLY INTO SPORTS.

I BETTER BE GOING....

TIME FOR SOFTBALL PRACTICE!

SLIGHTLY BUILT, BUT A JOCK OF-ALL-TRADES

FOR A TIME SHE WAS AN ANNOUNCER FOR THE LOCAL DYKE SOFTBALL GAMES....

COMIN' UP TO BAT, JAN FOR DAMN YANKEES...

GOOD BUDDIES

ONCE MARY AND I WENT TO ONE OF THE GAMES TO SEE ANNIE IN ACTION....

ISN'T SHE TUFF?

AT THE TOP OF THE 4TH, IT'S THE SPIRITS 1, DAMN YANKEES 3.

YEAH!

IT WAS FUN, EVEN THOUGH MARY AND I ARE HARDLY WHAT YOU'D CALL SPORTS ENTHUSIASTS.

YEAH, I GOT IT AT THE RALLY IN ST. PAUL...

1 BALL, 2 STRIKES

...YEAH, I NEED TO GET ME ONE TOO... I NEED TO GET MORE VOCAL

CHOICE CHOICE CHOICE

I SHOULDVE GONE WITH YOU....

MAYBE SOFTBALL ISN'T SO BAD AFTER ALL... I MEAN, THE TIME JUST **FLEW** BY!

SO ANYWAY, THIS GAY PORN VIDEO WAS REALLY BAD, SO CHERYL TAKES IT BACK AND ASKS THE MANAGER TO WARN CUSTOMERS THAT THE MOVIE IS A RIP OFF!! CAN YOU EVEN BELIEVE THAT? HA HA!

BOY, SHE'S GOT A LOTTA GUTS! I COULD NEVER DO THAT! HA HA!

ME NEITHER.. SHE COMPLAINED FOR 10 MINUTES!!!

WHY, BEFORE WE KNEW IT, IT WAS TIME TO GO!

- WONDERING IF YOU NEEDED A RIDE WITH US ROB?

BLAH BLAH BLAH...

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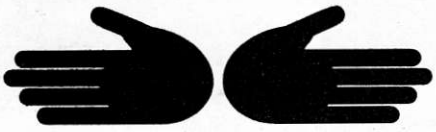
ERIN HOUSTON LE BRUN



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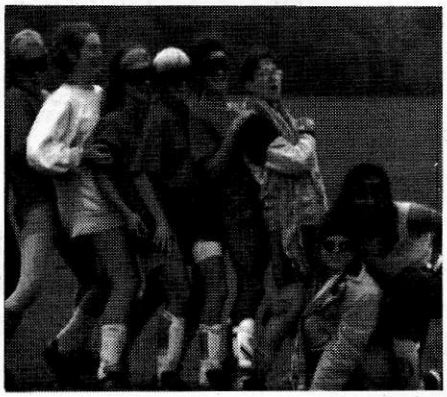
Not being stuck in a tenured teaching position.
Seeing your ideas live on in the work of others.
Having the opportunity to choose between career and motherhood.
Not having to choke on those big cigars or paint in Italian suits.
Having more time to work after your mate dumps you for someone younger.
Being included in revised versions of art history.
Not having to undergo the embarrassment of being called a genius.
Getting your picture in the art magazines wearing a gorilla suit.

Guerrilla Girls CONSCIENCE OF THE ART WORLD

ENCOUNTERS with BABES

by Nancy Boutilier

A team of women with Lone Ranger masks posed like amazon Rockettes, and hiked their shorts to show all thigh.



Journalistic accuracy requires that sportswriters, on occasion, stare. One of the many benefits of the job is watching women flex, contort, sweat, grunt, and pant. Sometimes I'm obligated to introduce myself.

In October, I covered "The Festival of the Babes." It wasn't a parade of infants—it was a women's soccer tournament. I was told it would be a "lesbian-positive" event. That proved itself true fast.

The first soccer players I encountered were leaping to head a ball. One, clad only in jogbra and shorts, had a washboard stomach with "Lick Me" written across the ripples. The other wore fishnet stockings and a T-shirt. The shirtless women hit the ground, and Fishnets helped her up. Sisterhood is still powerful.

Maintaining objectivity on this assignment was going to be no easy task. But this was no ordinary soccer tournament, and fortunately, it was my duty to collect as many details—including names and phone numbers—as I could.

At the information booth, a team of women with Lone Ranger masks posed like amazon Rockettes, and hiked their shorts to show all thigh for a teammate photographer. "I'll take the picture if you want to get in," I offered. After I clicked the shutter they fell into a pile of flesh and cleats. I couldn't tell which elbow went with what knee or whose thigh went with which calf. It was beautiful. I collected a few shots with my own camera, knowing that I would want them even if the paper didn't.

A festival organizer told me the twelve teams were split randomly into divisions: Sapphos, Lesbos, and Queeros. Current brackets of play were the Tops, Switches, and Bottoms, based on the previous day of play. Then she asked me if I could play—they needed a goalie! Since I write sports, everyone assumes I play.

Objectivity ended there, if, in fact it ever had a beginning. All that mattered to me was that for the whole game I would stand directly behind the beautiful-backed Babe. She would leap across the field with "Lick Me" inked across that well-sculpted torso. I said yes.

The Follies were grateful that each player wouldn't have to serve a game sentence in goal. Nobody laughed at my fuzzy sweat pants (circa 1958), the sweatshirt someone left in our car that said "Buffalo Seminary" across the chest, or my girlfriend's bright white hightops.

That was the beginning of Babehood for me. I studied the Festival program to prepare for the experience:

In case you have wondered about the "B-word," we got tired of the sports phraseology 'man-on.' We searched for a single syllable feminine word reflecting womyn's strength and pride. Alas, one did not exist, but we weren't daunted. Upon exploring other options, we discovered a plethora of monosyllabic exploitive utterances pertaining to female anatomical parts. But "clit-on," "tit-on," "boob-on," "breast-on," tampon," etc. all seemed a little too harsh. Besides, we wanted full body representation. After pondering "chick-on," "doll-on," and "dyke-on," we settled for "babe-on."

When we finally took to the field, I was determined to be as optimistic, idealistic, and cooperative as my teammates. But panic set in as I worried about my ability to stop them from scoring.

The first shot of the game flew past me. I was furious with myself. "Shit," I muttered under my breath.

A Folly fullback helped me off the ground. "Nothing else we could have done on that one. What a terrific pass that forward made. We'll get it covered next time." *We*. She had said

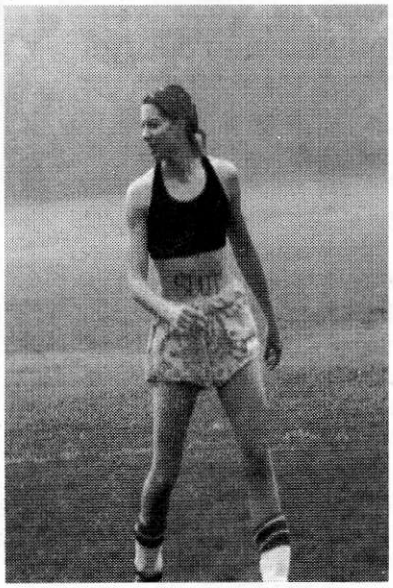
"we." I appreciated Rule Number One of Babedom: no Babe is alone.

The ball shot my way again. I lunged fully extended and got a hand on the ball, but it shot past me and into the net for goal number two. "Dammit!" I scowled.

This time a halfback helped me up. She gave me an encouraging pat on the butt and trotted off. I liked Rule Number Two as well: A good try is as praiseworthy as a good play.

When the halftime horn sounded, we were down 1-4. I dragged myself over to the team huddle expecting someone to suggest that I go back to reporting. Instead, a woman with lovely deltoids discussed ways to score. No one showed concern with my obsession. The one ball I had stopped went wide. By keeping it in play, I allowed a rebound shot to score.

When nobody suggested that I be benched, I brought the idea up myself. The team responded unanimously with Rule Number Three of Babedom: Everyone comes to play, maybe to win, maybe to lose, but always to play.



I began the second half with a shot of confidence. I was beginning to understand the difference between a tournament and a Festival. Festival, like Feminism, is a powerful F-word. It doesn't matter if you win or lose, what matters is who slept with whom.... No, no, that's not it ... that's for a different article.

Shit. Cleat slammed leather, the ball rocketed toward me—it grew bigger and bigger. I covered my face. I ducked. The ball ricocheted off my forearm and over the net. The sidelines squealed with delight at my first save!

This was Babedom's finest hour. We scored a pair of goals. We were down by one. The other team scored on a corner kick to seal a 5-3 victory, but we were too busy playing to notice the score.

After my debut—a coming out of sorts—as a Folly, I joined a soccer collective, ran the Babe-to-Breakers road race, founded a twelve-step Program called Babeless Anonymous, wrote the Hitchhiker's Guide to Babedom. Now I'm pursuing the dream of becoming the goalie I think I was in my past life.

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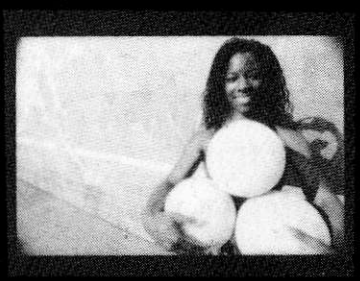

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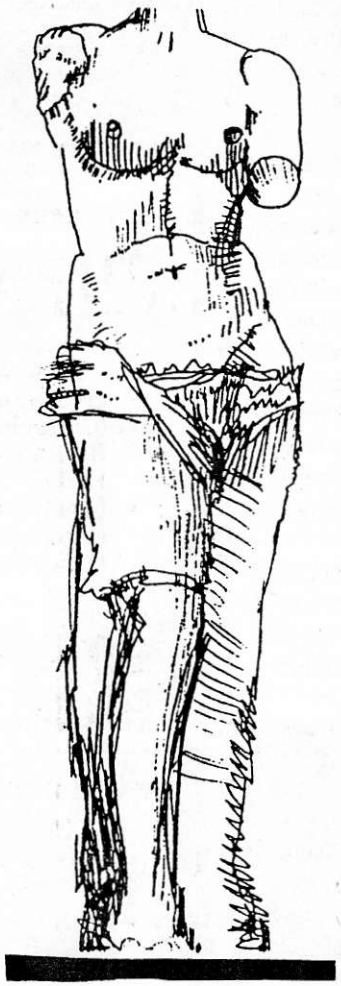
FLOWERS & SHOWERS '92

I Was Another One of SAPPHO'S Lesbian Lovers

an interview with Ancient Greek Acting Coach Natasha, by time travel reporter ROXXIE

"She wiggled nervously into my Athens office dressed in a red frock of knitted wool that actually hugged her thighs."



SEX GODDESS SAPPHO had a secret lesbian relationship with her acting coach, who taught her how to kiss.

The shocking affair is revealed in newly released notes from an interview with acting teacher Natasha, which took place less than a year before Sappho died of a drug overdose in 592 B.C. Now Natasha, who died two years later, speaks from the grave, of her relationship with Sappho, and recalls their shared life in a doric-columned, frescoed and ceramic pot-decorated Athens apartment.

"She was mio amore—my love," said Natasha, "It started when I taught her to kiss. Her sweetness rushed into me. We lived together as man and wife. I was the man ... she was the wife. It was the first affair ...of that nature ... for me. The only. But there were lots of women chasing after Sappho, and, after a while, I lost her."

Natasha, credited with teaching Sappho the acting techniques she needed to become a star, was interviewed on Lesbos by time-traveling reporter Roxxie. In the interview she detailed how Sappho was happiest while writing poetry in the nude, and how she looked upon sex as a school subject — one that needed to be studied and mastered.

Sappho's relationship with Natasha began when Sappho was sent to the acting coach to see if her untapped potential as an actress measured up to her buxom good looks. (Many people don't realize that Sappho was not known as a poet until she had already become a stage star.)

At 20 Sappho had just been signed with Columbia Statuary Models and Stage Actors guild for an undisclosed (but rumored to be large) number of ancient Greek golden coins, bottles of wine and fruit juices, and free passes to any programs, parties, and networking sessions of the local Friends of Bacchus. Natasha, who was 38, saw the young woman's vulnerability.

"She wiggled nervously into my Athens office dressed in a red frock of knitted wool

that actually hugged her thighs," revealed Natasha. "Clearly, she was not wearing any bra. She perched hesitantly on a chair clutching an untidy brown papyrus parcel."

Natasha wasn't impressed but arranged a second meeting, to which Sappho again brought the ugly papyrus bag. Resisting the urge to criticize it or discuss its Freudian implications, Natasha instead criticized Sappho's clothes.

"Sitting on a low couch, her skirt was so tight that she had to hitch it up. I stared, astonished. 'Sappho,' I said, 'aren't you wearing any undies dear?'"

At their third meeting, Natasha finally asked about the brown papyrus bag, and Sappho opened it to reveal "a sheer night garment, a toothbrush, evening sandals, lipsticks, an astounding quantity of cosmetics, pills, a bra, hair curlers, slippers, fragments of poems on odd bits of papyrus. I was strangely moved," Natasha said, "Such a pathetic jumble."

The contents also proved that Sappho was staying overnight with different people. "But, initially, I had no interest in who she was seeing," said Natasha, "And I enjoyed her fragments of love-verse."

Out of pity, she invited Sappho to share her apartment. They soon became lovers. "Sappho trusted me," recalled Natasha. "We were very close. Very comfortable. Like sisters, but more than that.

"Sappho would come wandering naked from her bedroom around midday, and it took her at least an hour to bathe. Then, without a stitch on, she would drift in a daze, and recite poetry to herself, as if trying to fit different fragments of verse together. It was like a verbal jigsaw puzzle.

"Being naked seemed to soothe her, almost hypnotize her.

"If she caught sight of herself in a mirrored tile, she'd sit down, or just stand there, with her lips hanging slack and eyes half shut, like a cat being tickled, absorbed in her reflection."

Natasha said their physical relationship grew out of Sappho's need for reassurance. "She needed love, to be held, touched. I did it to comfort her, and then it began to comfort me."

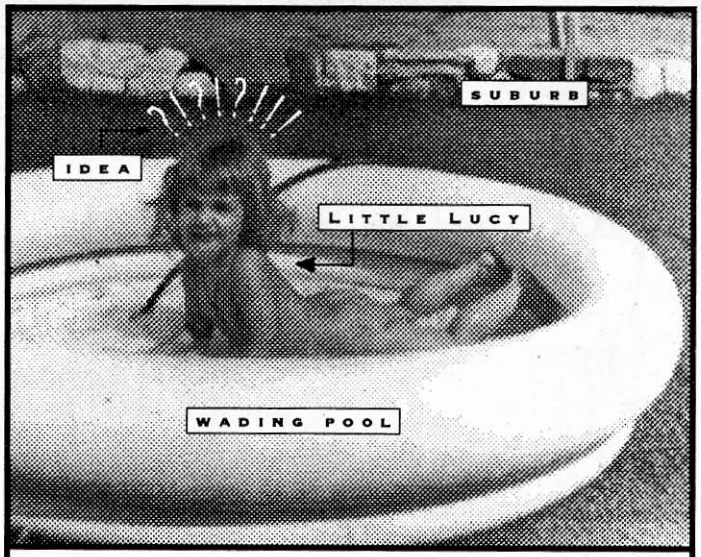
Natasha was jealous when she saw Sappho with men. "She liked older, confident, powerful men. Politicians. Rich men. Plato was attractive to her because of his power and strong ego. It hurt me that she would want to be with him. But he was a very prosperous philosopher and I was only a drama coach."

But all bitterness disappeared when they would fall into each other's arms. "Before she met me, she did not know how to kiss. She knew the motions, but not how to revel in a kiss. I showed her how. Not a quick peck, a theatrical smooch, but a sweet kiss with the lips expressing the heart."

Sappho's famous comment that, "Every romance was worth it's salt in the poetry you could write about it," is attributed to this time period.

• • •

"This sets my heart to fluttering in my breast, for when I look on you a moment, then I can speak no more, ... and at once a delicate flame courses beneath my skin, and with my eves I see nothing, and my ears hum, and a cold sweat bathes me, and a trembling seizes me all over, and I am paler than grass, and I feel that I am near to death. " SAPPHO, 612 B.C.



WHILE SITTING IN HER WADING POOL ON A SCORCHING HOT SUBURBAN LOS ANGELES DAY - LITTLE LUCY CONTIMPLATES HER FUTURE & CLEARLY SEES THE BIG PICTURE...

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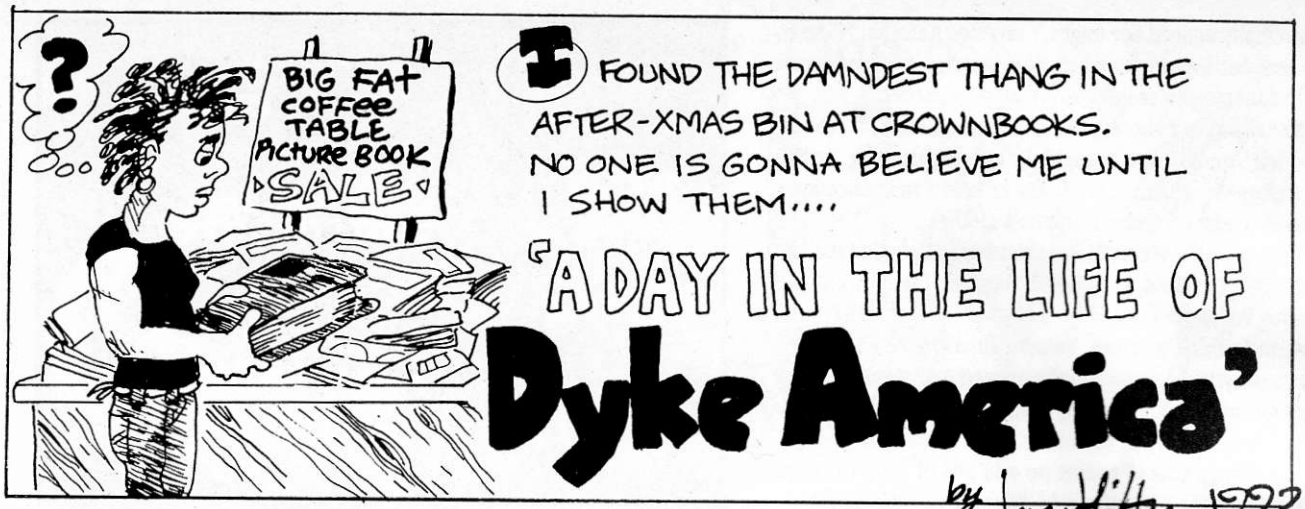
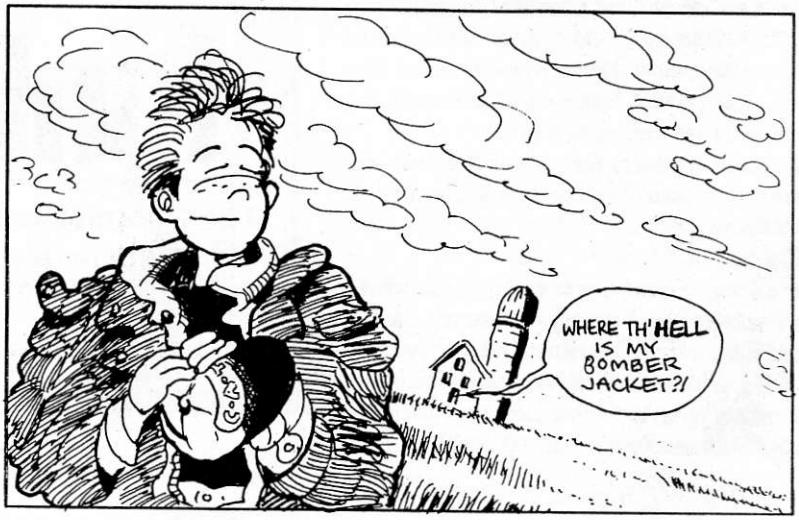
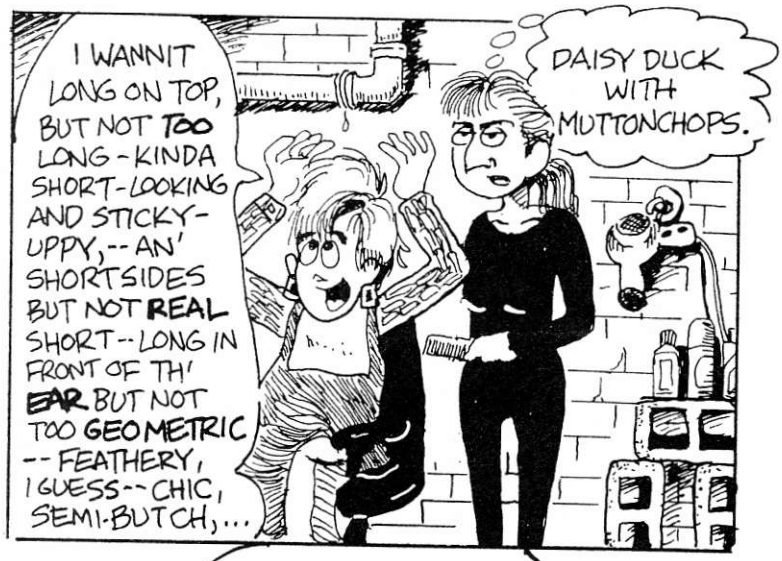

?
BIG FAT COFFEE TABLE PICTURE BOOK SALE
I FOUND THE DAMNDEST THANG IN THE AFTER-XMAS BIN AT CROWNBOOKS. NO ONE IS GONNA BELIEVE ME UNTIL I SHOW THEM....
'A DAY IN THE LIFE OF
Dyke America'
by Joan Kitty .. 1992

In Detroit, MI, Suzanne momentarily loses it serving breakfast to a hot number.

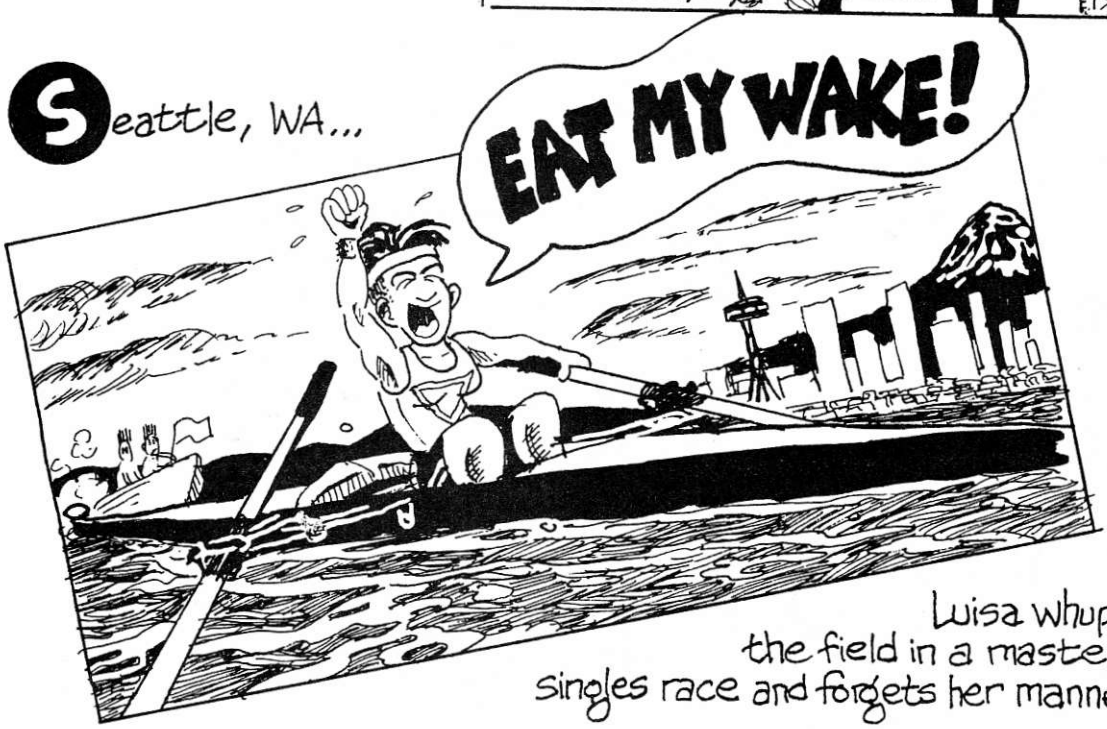
Omaha, NE: Young Amanda is outdoors, pretending to be her favorite album cover.



In New York, NY, Sophie is aging her hairstylist prematurely.


I WANNIT LONG ON TOP, BUT NOT TOO LONG - KINDA SHORT-LOOKING AND STICKY-UPPY, -- AN' SHORTSIDES BUT NOT REAL SHORT -- LONG IN FRONT OF TH' EAR BUT NOT TOO GEOMETRIC -- FEATHERY, I GUESS -- CHIC, SEMI-BUTCH, ...
DAISY DUCK WITH MUTTONCHOPS.

Seattle, WA...



Luisa whups the field in a masters' singles race and forgets her manners.

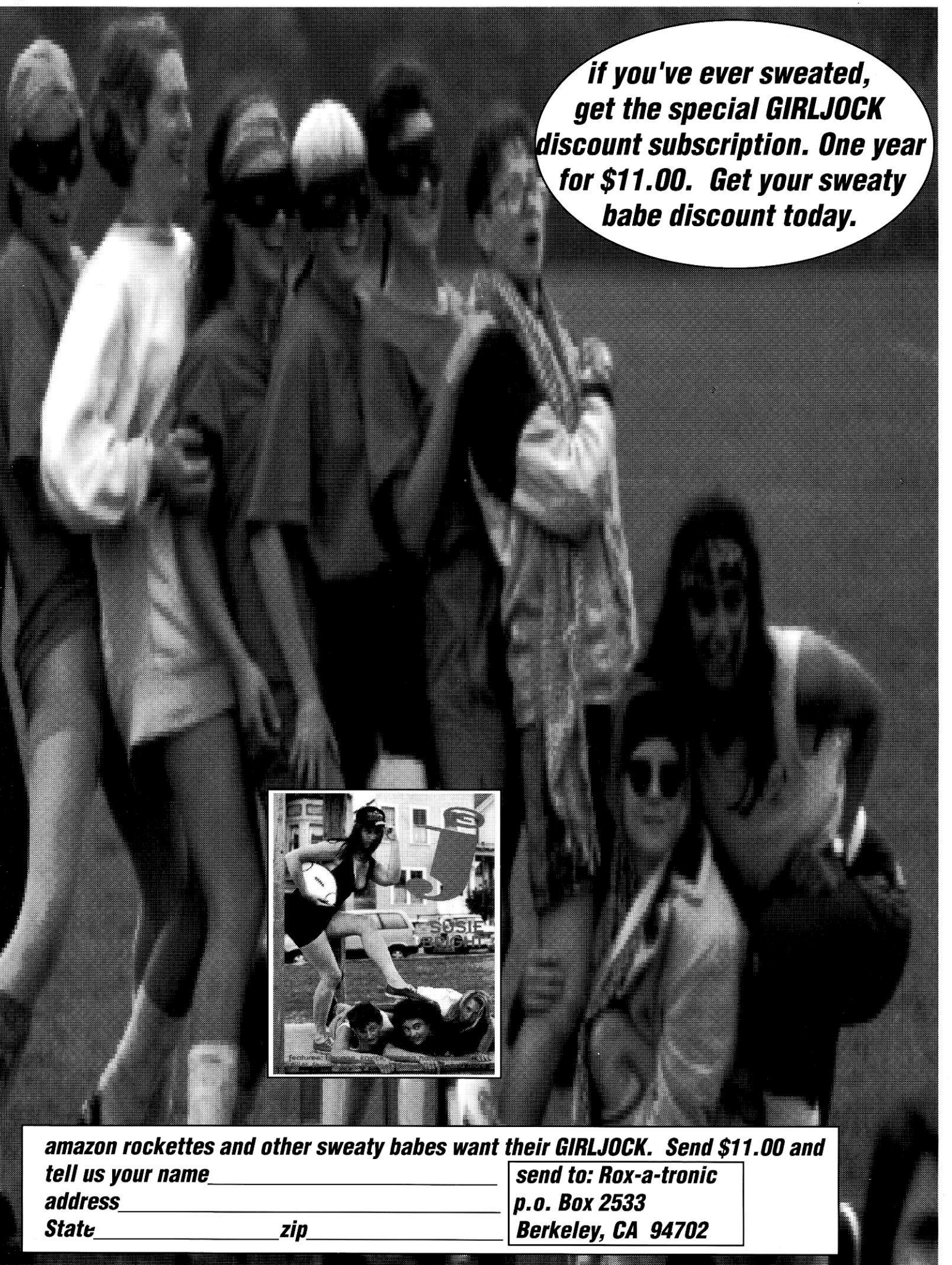
At the New Year's parade in San Francisco, CA, Amy is busy cruising Miss Chinatown 1992.

In Austin, TX, Jen is about to make the biggest mistake of her life.

IN BATTLE WE CHEYENNE WOULD 'COUNT COUP', MEANING TOUCH A FOE TO SHOW HOW EASILY HE COULD BE KILLED, BUT CHOOSING NOT TO, THEREBY SHAMING HIM.
PROVED COURAGE AND SUPERIORITY.
DON'T YOU THINK SO?
GXXX

Denver, CO: Dani obligingly gives a brief history lesson to a young, attentive queer-basher.

And at day's end in New Orleans, LA, Willie is still chafing under her vow of secrecy regarding the two actresses who checked in at eleven.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